

He'd underestimated the woman — Evelyn, she'd said her name was. Whippet-thin and as drunk as she could be when he picked her up in that juke-box dive down on the coast route in that dingy little beach town, she seemed the perfect mark. How was he to know that she'd come off that heavy drunk with her senses intact, warning light flickering; and how was he to know that, once he'd finally caught her, she'd put up a fight like a cornered weasel and incapacitate him with a karate kick to the balls?

So Evelyn Lamuraglia survived the attack of Palmer Cheadle, and she had the presence of mind — after she'd run him over back and forth a dozen times — to get out of the Coupe de Ville and take the wallet with damned near five grand, hard cash, from his back pocket. Money that Palmer had stockpiled during a recent two-week stint of running fifty-pound backpacks of marijuana across the border in the desert out east of Tecate in the dead of the night.

So as the ants hollowed out his eye sockets and chewed away his soft swollen tongue, Evelyn Lamuraglia holed herself up in Whiskey Pete's out west of Vegas, got a room with Palmer's fat wad of money and tried to drink her brief relationship with him out of her mind, without success.

After a six-day stay — four days sloppy drunk followed by a short recuperative dry spell — Evelyn located a pit-stopped tour bus coming off a twenty-four-hour Las Vegas turn-around and slipped the driver a twenty to drop her off in Loma Alta on his way down to his Chula Vista home base, leaving Palmer Cheadle, and his Coupe de Ville, to bake out in the desert sun.

— Dan Lenihan

Oceanside CA

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The beauty of the
idea that you
never accumulate
enough of anything
to ever
retire.

— Hugh Fox

East Lansing MI